

At End of Day

Where does the world go when you sleep?
Does it steal away like a thief with a treasure,
Or does it simply cease to exist, robbed of
Your presence? Does it come back, prodigal
In the morning, restoring all your memories
But leaving some scattered, so that things
Don't seem to fit properly; a disassociated
Jigsaw of a life, déjà vu all over again,
But with the pieces askew, littering
The floor of your life with small cutout
Pieces assembled together with different
Size letters; a ransom note of your consciousness
Demanding a final payment at the end of day.

What happens at the end, when sleep comes
The final time, wordlessly approaching while your
Attention is drawn by some insignificant
Other in the middle of the night? Does the
World continue to turn once you have exited
Stage left to perform your soliloquy to a
Disinterested audience of bored play-goers
Partying into the night at the funeral they
Held for you while you stepped out for awhile.
Did they notice your boredom, your pure
Indifference, the ennui that sucks at
Your self-satisfied performance while
The clock ceases ticking, and your puzzle
Lies scattered on the front-room floor.

How vaguely depressing, a constant reminder
Of your own bleak existence in this grand
Act of life – the scene is quite ended, the
Audience retired, dead roses lie scattered
On the dimly-lit stage. Stagebills lie mouldering
While you continue your monody, endlessly
Mouthing some meaningless lines; while the world
Ceases turning, the puzzle lies broken,
And a song like a sigh echoes saccharine sweetly
Languidly lazing its way in your mind. And slowly,
Quite slowly, as if by inertia, your mind stops
Racing, stops filling with gruel. You realize at last,

The final destination, but by then it's too late
To change direction, and the note is marked
"Due," and the price must be paid, and you're
Sitting alone in the Garden of Eden when a
Snake slithers by, a puzzle piece stuck in its
Mouth, and you notice it was missing, the
Piece with the heart of thorns, and the
Clock strikes midnight –say goodnight Gracie-
And you scream in terror as the ratiocinations
Are stripped away, and it's time to say goodnight
Folks, but the host won't leave.

We have met the enemy, and they is us;
It's time to go to sleep.